

# At His Bedside

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Summary: Trowa muses on his feelings for Quatre as he watches him sleep. Sappy, but read it if you wish. :)

## At His Bedside

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>AT HIS BEDSIDE<br>-----  
><br>Last night, I sat by his bed as he slept. He probably dreams, and unlike mine, his dreams probably aren't dark and morbid, nor crimson-colored; no, his would be a little girl's fairy tale; a meadow of sunflowers below the sky as blue as his eyes, and he would be laughing, chasing what seemed to be pale yellow butterflies, his golden halo caressed by sunlight.  
>I often find myself a part of that dream, even though I tell myself frantically that I shouldn't. To taint this beautiful angel's dream, to paint over the serenity of his picture with my darkness, just isn't right. Yet to deny myself the need to dab at least a speckle of his world on the limbo I live in would be too mch, so I remain a fugitive, hiding in the silken shadows.<br>  
>I gasped, surprised to feel a warmth enveloping my hand. It turned out to be his soft, nimble fingers clasping mine firmly. Amazingly, I felt the often rigid muscles of my jap suddenly slide sideways, and before I knew it, I was smiling.<br>  
>I looked down at the exquisite cherubim lying on the bed, sleeping peacefully. He was smiling, too.<br>  
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>AUTHOR'S NOTES: Sorry if this was too short, but I didn't want to be too lengthy. I figured Trowa has a lot more of thoughts in his head since he rarely talks, but then, he's just enjoying the moment, I guess. :)<br>  
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End  
file.